Volume LX CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 20, 1908 Number 25

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

FRIENDSHIP CARDS

Series I.

Compiled by Evelyn H. Walker.

Illustrated by Bertha E. Jaques, Eva E. Adams, Mabel C. Dibble and Other Artists.

1. I dreamed of Paradise.
   W. C. Gannett.
2. She doeth little kindnesses.
   Lowell.
3. Through thee alone the sky is arched.
   Emerson.
4. But love shall live forevermore.
   F. L. Hosmer.
5. Your love has made my life seem fair.
   Algernon Sassin.
6. The stars come nightly to the sky.
   John Burroughs.
7. While thy soul lives thy friend is thine.
   Lucy Larcom.
8. If friendship on me smile.
   Emerson.
9. Wherever we go, Love goeth too.
   W. C. Gannett.
10. Blessing she is.
    Lowell.

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LINCOLN CENTRE SHOP,
Abraham Lincoln Centre Chicago.

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UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

A biography of one of Chicago's most unique figures and leaders will be published serially in UNITY beginning March 1st

DAVID SWING

THE PROPHET OF CHICAGO

Is it still true that

"A prophet is not without honor save in his own country"?

It is sadly true that as yet no biography of the late Professor Swing has been written. The fugitive sketches that have appeared have been necessarily inadequate and oftentimes inaccurate. It is then with great satisfaction that the publishers of UNITY announce that, with the beginning of the next volume, March 1, it proposes to publish the story of the life and a study of the ministry of David Swing, the poet preacher who for so many years touched the life of Chicago at its most vital points, ameliorating its crudities, softening its harshness and permanently modifying its spiritual climate. This series of articles will appear weekly and will run through the better part of the year.

Professor Swing left no material for a biography. Indeed, it never occurred to the modest man that his life was worthy of special record or that anyone in future years would sit down and tell his story. This beautiful, though excessive, modesty makes the task of his biographer a difficult one. However, his friends have been kind and helpful, his daughter especially gracious in giving access to his private manuscripts, and in the Rev. Joseph Newton, of Dixon, Ills., is to be found a man who has been deeply impressed and permanently profited by the ministry of David Swing, and he brings to the work a gifted mind and a skilful pen.

It has been said that "The record of a great and pure personality is the best bequest of time." Hence, it is high time that the life of David Swing should be studied,—a life that, like that of Lincoln, was founded upon pity, the pity that made him a "Man of Sorrows," but sorrow was the only shadow upon the spotless life. There was no vanity, envy or unseemly ambition. The charm of his nature was a blending of composure, gentleness and simplicity. His christianity was mellowed with universality; his ethics made profound with the impartiality of a philosopher; his piety was touched with the dream-like pensiveness of a poet.

Writes Mr. Newton, the biographer:

"My labor has been a labor of love. What David Swing did for me I shall never be able to tell. He was a friend and helper in a time of crisis, a dear mentor in a wilderness of doubt. After Emerson and Browning, the gentle, humane, wise, meditative Swing has been my best friend among the moderns. And this is true of thousands of men and women all over the land, to whom the world has never seemed quite the same since the heavens received him out of sight. I feel that we are now far enough away from him to see him in the juster perspective of years, and to estimate him for what he was."

The publishers of UNITY believe that there are scattered all over the country countless souls who were touched more or less directly by the life and words of Professor Swing before his death who will be glad of this opportunity to renew their acquaintance, and there are countless others who need such an acquaintance. The first of March is a good time to renew your subscriptions and to make new ones for UNITY. Is it not possible, with the co-operation of present subscribers, and this rare opportunity to obtain the story of Professor Swing, with the other good and true things which UNITY tries to tell, to double the subscribers? Let each one try to get another one and it will be done.

Now is the time to Subscribe for UNITY

and to enable every one to secure all of this biography, we now offer Two Full Years Subscriptions to UNITY, at least one being a new name, for only THREE DOLLARS. If you have already renewed your subscription for the current year you can still take advantage of this offer by securing one new name and sending us three dollars, and your date of expiration will be pushed forward one year.

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, Station M, CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LX | THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1908 | NUMBER 25

AN ORISON.

Let me do my work each day; and if the darkened hours of despair overcome me, may I not forget the strength that comforted me in the desolation of other times.

May I still remember the bright hours that found me walking over the silent hills of my childhood, or dreaming on the margin of the quiet river, when a light glowed within me, and I promised my early God to have courage amid the tempests of the changing year.

Spare me from bitterness and from the sharp passions of unguarded moments. May I not forget that poverty and riches are of the spirit.

Though the world know me not, may my thoughts and actions be such as shall keep me friendly with myself.

Lift my eyes from the earth, and let me not forget the uses of the stars.

Forbid that I should judge others lest I condemn myself.

Let me not follow the clamor of the world, but walk calmly in the path.

Give me a few friends who will love me for what I am; and keep ever burning before my vagrant steps the kindly light of hope.

And though age and infirmity overtake me, and I come not within sight of the castle of my dreams, teach me still to be thankful for life, and for time's golden memories that are good and sweet, and may the evening's twilight find me gentle still.

Rev. Frederick E. Hopkins, of the Pilgrim Congregational Church in Chicago, had a wholesome and timely good word for the theaters in his pulpit last Sunday. Such recognitions are so grudging and infrequent among the clergy that we are glad to make room for his words as reported in the morning paper:

"All the sermons and editorials in the country will not do as much to cure silly girls and others, with more money than brains, of the 'count,' the 'duke,' the 'prince,' the 'foreign title' disease as a play like 'The Man From Home.' Some of us have read Hamlet all our lives, but never understood him as we did after Mr. Robertson's interpretation. The same as to Ibsen and Mr. Mansfield's unfolding of the eccentricity of 'Pere Gynt.' In the lighter vein one often drops a load of care by stepping into a clean vaudeville show."

Mr. Peter Witt, city clerk of Cleveland, talked to the City Club of Chicago at a recent Saturday noon luncheon of the present city of Cleveland and Mayor Johnson's connection therewith in a most revealing and stimulating way. We wish that every city within reach of Cleveland would secure Mr. Witt's services and give to his words the widest publicity. At an early day we hope to make room for as much of the address, as printed in the *City Club Bulletin,* as our space will permit. If the contention of our city clerk is right, and his address would seem to substantiate the claim when he says, "Nowhere in the United States can you find a people living in a community who are as far economically advanced as the people in Cleveland," it behooves patriotic men and women of the nation to keep their eyes on the city of Cleveland.

Professor Zeublin, Chicago's civic missionary to the East at the present time, has been telling the Labor Lyceum, of Rochester, N. Y., that the Senate of the United States is the vermiform appendix of our government and should be removed. What a simplification of legislation, what great economies of time and money would be achieved if we could only get rid of the superstition that a double house is necessary as a safeguard against unwise legislation or hasty action. Most modern cities, in the United States at least, have but one legislative house and the tendency is to reduce that in size and increase its directness. When the "senators" of the United States are no more, the "representatives" will become more representative and the "assemblymen" will assemble to better purpose. Here's something for the politician to think about that is worth while.

In these times of "depression" it is cheering to take up the February number of *Sanitary Progress,* which is the organ of the N. O. Nelson Manufacturing Company, and is given to the exploitation of the increasingly famous and continuously successful co-operative and profit-sharing movement inaugurated by Mr. Nelson. The manufacturing interest, which has large plants at Bessemer, Alabama and St. Louis, as well as at the unique model community at LaClaire, is steadily increasing. "Thirty handsome houses, yards and happy homes have been added to this year," and although "a large number of employes are entitled to cash instead of stock dividends amounting to two thousand dollars or more, all prefer the stock to the cash." Let others go and do likewise. What Mr. Nelson is accomplishing might and must be accomplished at other industrial centers and by other Captains of Industry.

There is something grewsome in the drastic measures of the Kentucky tobacco growers who, through combination and violence, are determined to keep up the price and advance the interest of this worse than useless industry. Like the parallel strike of the grape growers of France, it is a questionable method of protecting and advancing an interest that is already far in advance of the interests of the community. Every acre of land and every day's labor devoted to the raising of tobacco and the grape that goes into the

wine helps debauch the individual and adds to the useless burden of the communal life of what we call "civilized" man. The world does not need more tobacco. It is a nasty weed and every cent spent on it is worse than wasted and that is fool political economy that justifies it because it gives labor and enables hard-working men to get a living. Such logic would burn down a city in order to promote the interests of carpenters and masons.

Notwithstanding the successful invasion of Speaker Cannon and the "Federal crowd" of Springfield a few months ago and their humiliating triumph, for the time being, in defeating and permanently mutilating the primary law in order that he might become the "Favorite Son" at the coming national convention of the Republican party, it looks very much as if he could not be a "favorite son" after all. The sense of dignity, not to speak of the sense of honor, is asserting itself and, even in Illinois, and in the Chicago of Illinois, where party politics probably has reached its lowest point of integrity, there is a strong movement afoot among the better citizens to rebuke Speaker Cannon's "porch-climbing" politics and to give expression to the choice of Illinois in some such way as will show that the more decent men in Illinois politics have joined the Taft movement among the Republicans and the Bryan movement among the Democrats of Chicago in order to rebuke the obviously bad elements in both parties.

The Down Town Sunday Evening Club

The "Down-Town Sunday Evening Club," which consists of some of the leading business men of the city, seems to have successfully inaugurated the Sunday evening service last Sunday evening in Orchestra Hall. The attendance was upward of fifteen hundred. The singing was led by a choral society made up of employes of the Marshall Field Company. Professor Hill, of the McCormick Theological School, made the address, in which he said:

> "If the Sunday Evening Club can quicken the interest of business men in the eternal realities of life and religion; if it can furnish a new and convenient channel for the expression of that interest, it will have proved its right to be."

Dr. Gunsaulus, perhaps taking courage from the action of these laymen, the persistent agitation in certain quarters, made a strong plea for a down-town temple consecrated to a religion of the Abraham Lincoln type, a religion of the Golden Rule and the Sermon on the Mount, and expressed the hope that such a temple would be dedicated in the year of Lincoln's Centennial, 1909. Perhaps the reaction has set in and the reckless neglect of the sanctities at the center of Chicago has reached its maximum. Thus far Chicago has been trying to build a metropolis around a "business" center. As a result, its heart of gold, sordid, dirty, profane, but prosperous, is surrounded by a black belt, sordid, squalid, profane, wretched and poor —this black belt surrounded with a fringe of pink-tea piety, elegant churches, comfortable homes, prosperous communities, in quest of amusement, culture, and the "consolations" of religion without its responsibilities and sacrifices. The result is not gratifying. The churches that have chased after the more prosperous citizens, abandoning territories still swarming with human life, have "moved" only to find that their wealthy supporters can move more rapidly than they can. The churches reared on the boulevards find the constituency they sought to accommodate are skipping to the suburbs and the suburban "homes" are scarcely equipped with the necessary churches before the millionaires flit to their country seats at Lake Geneva and beyond and from there they flit to Europe or beat out their lives in restless globe-trotting. In the latter 70's, the interest of Chicago's business men in a more tolerant religion and more liberal gospel built what was then the magnificent Central Music Hall, of which David Swing was dean, and his ministry was felt from center to circumference of the city. But "Commerce" was imperious and that shrine was needed to complete the square of the world's greatest "Dry Goods Emporium" and the shrine was torn down. The Sunday center was moved to the Auditorium, a bigger hall. The multitude of Sunday listeners increased, but the Auditorium as a civic and religious center did not pay. It was leased to a vaudeville venture and there are ominous hints that it still does not pay and commerce may yet claim it. Under the inspiration of the great bandmaster, Professor Thomas, the Orchestra Hall was built and dedicated to the cause of art and culture. It is here that a group of the more enterprising business men of Chicago, actuated by a sense that there is something of still more importance than dollars, have taken a Sunday stand and are arranging for the Sunday evening meetings. We believe that organized religion and civic piety, municipal patriotism, is to regain tangible footing at the center of Chicago. The noisy, dangerous and distracting elevated "loop" is to be eliminated and centers of art, religion, civic righteousness and the social amenities and elevations are to gain more effective foothold and become more efficient forces in the life of the mighty metropolis. The present fight with the saloons in Chicago, the struggle to enforce Sunday freedom from debauchery and crime is of profound significance and far-reaching consequences.

Pulpit Timidity

The need of the hour among ministers seems to be courage. Not courage to face vice, but courage to face the light. Plenty of ministers are prompt in rebuking iniquities who are timid about announcing their own convictions concerning the great fundamentals of religion and the church.

How long a minister can turn on the electric light in his study and still use candle light in his pulpit is not a question of theology, but a question of ethics. The "gum-shoe politician," the man who goes stealthily about his work, one whose convictions and purposes are spoken in a whisper and only to confidential friends, whose studies and whose confidences are carried on behind closed doors is a well-understood character and is often held up to ridicule by the pulpit. But the "gum-shoe pastor," the one who delights in the later books and the nobler theories that deal with the questions of Bible, creed and confessions of faith inside of his study and in the presence of the confidentially few that sit with closed doors, but who is "waiting for the time to ripen" when he can safely declare such convictions in his pulpit, who is so very tender towards the prejudices of the deacons, and economical of his inspirations in the presence of the elders, councils, synods, bishops or what-not, is a personage not so frankly studied and whose pernicious influence is not so well understood.

Theodore Parker's protest against the ministerial "interval" that was allowed to transpire between the discoveries of the study and the declarations of the pulpit was aimed at what is perhaps a greater menace to religion now than then, and the men who "split the full gleams of the study into the half gleams of the pulpit" are perhaps more in evidence now than ever before.

With the advance of biblical science and the studies in religious psychology and ecclesiastical history connected therewith, the solicitation lest truth may suffer at the hands of free utterance as well as free inquiry has grown immensely less. But the anxiety lest the prosperous life of the church be destroyed, the harmony of the denomination menaced, the missionary fund threatened and salaries reduced, has immensely increased, I fear, since the days of Parker, and still more since the days of Luther and Savonarola, for the growth of the commercial spirit, the logic of the dollar and the claims of "Success" have grown in the church as in the other industries of life.

The dangers which these cautious brethren, wise preachers, peace promoting brotherhood see and try to avoid are real dangers. They are palpable and obvious, but the more subtle dangers that threaten the preachers, their churches and their communities from surrendering to these dangers are not so palpable, but far more dire. The agitation of dangers is outward, the dangers of compromise are inward. The first threatens the instrumentalities of religion, the latter the life of the soul. Agitation is disagreeable, but apathy is more deplorable. Doctors know that inflammation is bad, but "proud flesh" and "gangrene" are worse. The pulpits of today are threatened with spiritual paralysis, when refinement, courtesy and the gospel of the "proper and becoming," to borrow the title of one of James Freeman Clarke's illuminating sermons, overlay and interfere with its leadership in the realms of thought as well as the realms of morals. For he cannot successfully cope with vice who is not determined to impale error and crowd it to the wall.

The clamor for a "practical gospel," for "applied religion," is noble, but the effort to divorce the helping hand from the thinking head is fatal.

"Co-operation," "association" and "organization" are words as full of promise and power in the realms of morals and religion as they are in commerce, manufacture and transportation. But these very things are defeated when they are sought at the sacrifice of clear thinking and the courage and the hospitalities that belong therewith. The fraternities of the muffled voice and the halting intellect turn out to be a delusion and end in a solitude most dire, a loneliness most lamentable.

Herein lies the tyranny or something still worse, the imbecility of the much-vaunted value of "Denominations,—the Households of Faith." So long as "denominations" really have something that denominates, convictions that do separate, traditions that are vital, they have a place as sacred and claims as binding as the claims of the family, but the law of brotherhood is a law of blood and kinship and not a matter of clothing, still less a matter of labels,—a name pinned on.

Hence it becomes the necessity of the brave man in religion today, at least in the Protestant world, to recognize the fact that the boundaries of his sect do not obtain in his libraries, that the claims of his "denomination" are not justified by the lexicon or the encyclopedia, and that while rejoicing in the traditions and, if you please, the labels of his "denomination," he is false to what is best in that denomination if he does not ever contend and persistently practice the fellowship that reaches across the lines, that dares acknowledge in public the courtesies which his heart rejoices in in the study.

The attitude of the heroic preacher today, as we apprehend it, is not one of *anti*-denominationalism, nor yet of *un*-denominationalism, but of *pan*-denominationalism,—not an "independency" from all claims of co-operation and of organization, but a brave recognition of obligation to all combinations and contentions that represent life-bearing and truth-telling methods.

But the cautious friends contend for the "practical efficiency" which one has to limit somewhere in order to "accomplish anything." The abstract argument is unanswerable; the practical application of the same alone is debatable. Years ago Washington Gladden called attention to the violence of ethical perspective, the weak disproportions of the loyalty that would bind the work of the preacher more intimately with the remote workers and interests in his own denomination than with the common interests and perplexities of a neighboring minister across the street who belonged to some other denomination.

As we apprehend it, the ministerial duty of the hour is *inter*-denominational co-operation, first in the neigh-

borhood in which he is found, then in the state and nation. The elevation of the village and the redemption of the city wait upon the united leaderships of the ministers in that village and in that city, and the same thing is true of the nation and as true of the truth-seeking and truth-telling propaganda in the interests of the spiritual life throughout the world. There is no Methodism, Presbyterianism or Unitarianism, no Judaism or Christianity in devout aspirations, kindly feelings, the prayerful heart or the helping hand, and it is the duty as well as the inspiration of the minister of religion under any one of these banner words not only to declare this truth, but to practice this truth, to get together before the world and to stand shoulder to shoulder before every opportunity in such a way as to bring dismay to the camps of bigotry and heat into the churches and life into the church members that are now lying in a state of spiritual coma. Last week we pleaded for the realities that lie back of the words "mission" and "missionary." This week we plead for more pulpit courage. We do not mean more courage in the study but more courage to speak out the results of such study. The student preacher owes it to his constituency to take them more into his confidences, to tell them his last thought of God, man, Christ, miracle, revelation, damnation and salvation, devils, angels, the life that now is and the judgment to come. This is the only way to escape that "hollowness in the pulpit" which Emerson so complained of. It is the solution of "The Problem" which he sang in his great preacher challenge poem of this title. Preachers need the faith of Theodore Parker that the "world is ready for every new truth the moment it arrives" and to practice this faith more strenuously.

CORRESPONDENCE

Calvin and Servetus

Editor of UNITY:

I was interested in reading, in Miss Hawley's Foreign Notes in the last UNITY, her quotation from the recent reply of Pastor Altherr in Basel to the intimation of a correspondent in the *Protestantenblatt* that "Zwingli would never have done as Calvin did" in the Servetus matter. Mr. Altherr reminded him that Zwingli did drown three Anabaptists in the lake of Zurich. He might, of course, have made an even stronger rejoinder. He might have reminded him of the actual position taken by the Zurich church, the church with which Zwingli had been associated, upon the Servetus matter itself. Zwingli's successor in the Zurich church was Bullinger, a conspicuously broad and conciliatory man from that time; yet when the Geneva church asked the advice of the Zurich church as to Servetus, the reply was a vastly more violent and relentless demand for his execution than any which had been made at Geneva.

The long and popular Unitarian assumption that Calvin, on account of his action in the Servetus case, was conspicuously intolerant and severer than other religious leaders of the time, will not for a moment bear the test of history. Unitarians are an exceptionally literary and eloquent folk, and Servetus was their "one ewe lamb" among martyrs, and a disproportionate prominence has been given to his pitiful case. Pitiful it was under any definition, and we well shudder as we look back to that whole era before the virtue of tolerance was born; but Lecky should have taught all of us well the injustice of singling Calvin out for special reprobation. He simply failed with others to transcend the errors and darkness of his time. Most will be surprised to learn that so advanced a man as Rousseau, two hundred years later, counselled the putting to death of men who did not respect the civil religion of his model state.

EDWIN D. MEAD.

Boston, Feb. 15, 1908.

Dear UNITY: Bolton Hall in his letter to UNITY, dated New York, February 4, 1908, raises a question which, I think, is not wholly answered in the note of explanation by the editor. In this note it is stated:

"May we not rejoice that the rest of the world buys (and pays us for) some $500,000,000 worth of our products over and above the total we buy of them?"

Bolton Hall's point is that the world does not pay us for this $500,000,000 worth of products, or, at least, not for the entire sum. If, therefore, the merchant sold his products at a higher price than he paid for them, but never collected the difference, would he not, as Bolton Hall suggests, have to go into bankruptcy?

Very truly yours, G. D.

The Poet's Theme

("What is the cause of the strange silence of American poets concerning America's triumphs on sea and land?")

Why should the poet of these pregnant times
Be asked to sing of war's unholy crimes?
To laud and eulogize the trade which thrives
On horrid holocausts of human lives?
Man was a fighting beast when earth was young,
And war the only theme when Homer sung.
'Twixt might and might the equal contest lay,—
Not so the battles of our modern day.
Ah, there are worthier themes for poet's pen
In this great hour than bloody deeds of men
Or triumphs of one hero (though he be
Deserving song for his humility).
The rights of many, not the worth of one,
The coming issues, not the battle done,
The awful opulence and awful need,
The rise of brotherhood, the fall of greed,
The soul of man replete with God's own force,
The call, "To heights," and not the cry, "To horse!"
Are there not better themes in this great age,
For pen of poet or for voice of sage,
Than those old tales of killing? Song is dumb
Only that greater song in time may come.
When comes the bard, he whom the world waits for,
He will not sing of war.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

One

I love all changes of the earth and air!
The day of sleety turmoil is to me
A rare magnificence, and I could flee
Eager and happy to the storm-wind's lair.
When pounds the tempest through the hills all bare,
Or thunder cannonades the beating sea,
Spirit of Nature! still I speed with thee,
Clinging triumphant in thy streaming hair.

Then comes a day amid the flowers and ferns,
When breathing zephyrs and low-murmuring bees
Speak Nature's mood a poppy-like repose.
The flame is mine with which rhodora burns,
The ambrosia mine of scented herbs and trees,
And I am drop in every brook that flows.

—*James H. West.*

THE PULPIT

What is the Bible

A SERMON BY REV. GEORGE H. FERRIS, D. D., MINISTER OF THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH OF PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."—Psalm 119:105.

We hear a great deal today about a "new view," or a "new appreciation" of the Bible. We are told that the Bible contains mistakes; that its early ideals are imperfect; that some of its books were not written by their reputed authors; that many of its stories must be interpreted as parables, rather than history; and that its accounts of miraculous occurrences must be read in the light of the conceptions of the day in which they were written. Fear seems to have taken possession of the church. Many are asking whether these new views do not accomplish more harm than good.

It is not my purpose this morning to discuss the question whether they do more harm than good. A far more important question is this, "Are they true?" If they are, we must face them eventually, and shape our lives accordingly. Dr. Eck, and some of the opponents of Luther, told him that the movement he was starting was doing more harm than good, and when he looked at the vagaries of Carlstadt, of Münzer, of the Zwickau Prophets, and of others of his followers, he half suspected it himself, but he dared not turn back, because he believed that God was in it. Are God and truth on the side of these new conceptions of the Bible? Let us take it for granted that they are. Let us admit that the most extreme theories, of the most extreme critics, are founded on firm and undeniable facts. What I wish to ask, and answer, is this, "Is there anything left?"

I grant you that the Bible will have no power over my life if ever it ceases to command my conscience, or appeal to my judgment. It may contain passages of transcendent beauty that touch my aesthetic sense. It may arouse my curiosity by the light it sheds on the customs of strange peoples in the far-distant past. It may even start the tears, like the memories aroused by the sweet echoes of the prayer of a child. But its grip on my life will be gone. Of what use is a "lamp unto my feet," that goes out on the edge of the first precipice I meet? If the Bible deserves to be called "The Word of God," ought not its message to be so plain, and clear, and reliable, that all honest and earnest men, who turn to its pages, shall be in substantial agreement as to its teachings? I answer that it ought. I say more, *it is.* In all ages men have been in substantial agreement that on the pages of the Bible, if read with discrimination, we can find the true ideal of human life and character. I do not know one critic who would deny the power of its pages to quicken faith, to renew hope, to start the impulses of prayer, to thaw the frozen fountains of the affections, and to help the man of God to be "furnished unto every good work." But when men have gone to it to discover an authoritative account of the making of mountains and the birth of stars; when men have gone to it to find a complete and infallible system of church polity, that would lock up the Kingdom of God in a first-century mausoleum; when men have gone to it to mine out proof-texts, to bolster up a system of metaphysics and settle forever the question between nominalism and realism, between evolution and transcendence—then they they have been in hopeless tangle of disagreement and strife.

A man says to me, "Is the multiplication-table true?" Now it never occurred to me to doubt it, so I answer unhesitatingly "yes!" Not long after I found him searching in the multiplication-table for a formula for the extraction of Bismuth, and because he cannot find it, crying out in the bitterness of his soul that the multiplication-table is a *lie.* Now I would not deny that six times seven are forty-two, just because the multiplication-table does not give me a chemical formula, or tell me how to go to Jamaica; nor am I ready to throw away the sublime, spiritual messages of the Bible, if I should find that it is not a book on botany, that its cosmology is that of ancient times, that its history has been colored by a moral purpose, or that it contains no definite plan for the organization of a church.

The fact is the Bible was given me by God to shed light on the purity and vileness of my soul; to brace my will in the hour of temptation; to elevate my thoughts amid the strife for bread; to lift my drowsy eyes to the sunlit summits of faith and prayer; and to send a thrill of divine aspiration through a life that is ever becoming stupefied amid the murky damps of life's low levels. If I seek for a spirit of uncompromising and ringing righteousness, that shall keep me from making a truce with wrong, I find it on the pages of Jeremiah. If I look for a valuation of life that puts first things first, I follow Paul over mountains and seas, and hear him say, "Neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I may finish my course with joy." If I look for a pattern of a life truly divine, and wish to see what God would do if he were a man like me, I walk with Christ around the Sea of Galilee. Indeed, it is in the light of his character, that I interpret the whole Book.

So there is but one thing we can say to the scholarship of our day. "Tell us what you find! If there is a Babylonian story of the flood, tell us! If rocks, sacred fountains, and evergreen trees, that the Canaanites considered to be the home of Baals, were taken over into the worship of Israel, tell us! If the word 'Yahweh' is connected etymologically with the old Semitic sungod 'Ea,' tell us! If Sinai was a sacred mountain long before Israel was a nation, if the Taraphim had their origin in ancestor worship, or if the institution of the Sabbath came from the plains of the Euphrates, tell us! Indeed, if the stories of the Virgin Birth have their origin in the North Arabian myth of Dusares, or the worship of the God Tammuz and the virgin-mother Istar, in the 'Cave of the Nativity,' near Bethlehem, we want to know it! We are not those who cry out to be left in the dark. But when you have done all this, we claim that if there is left in you a particle of loyalty, of devotion, of earnestness, there will come a time when a new foundation of philosophy is discovered in the words, 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God;' when a new vision of life opens before you, as you read, 'Though I speak with the tongue of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal;' or when you bow your head, as in the presence of the very Spirit of God, while the words of triumph echo through the room of sorrow, 'O grave, where is thy victory?' In that hour you will be ready to say, 'There is no book ever given by God to man that will compare with that book.'"

Higher Criticism! It is everywhere, and we welcome it in all other realms. In his work entitled, "Romance and Teutonic Switzerland," Mr. W. D. McCrackan has a chapter called "Tracking the Tell Legend." Read it, and when you are through see if you do not wonder whether such a man as William

Tell ever lived. What if that is so? If the great Swiss hero turns out to be just a shadowy character, is there anyone who fancies that freedom will die out in the world, and tyranny will be triumphant everywhere?

Mr. Richardson, county clerk of Fairfax County, Virginia, has lying on his desk a hatchet, aged and rusty, to which is attached a piece of paper bearing the words, "The original hatchet used by George Washington." Captain Donahue, the historian, declares that the implement bears the trade-mark of a hardware firm in Bridgeport, Conn. No doubt the owner of the hatchet resents that critical spirit, which is prying into everything in our day, and is overthrowing so many idols. But it is here. If the whole story of the hatchet should turn out to be a pure fiction, a work of the imagination, is there anyone who fancies that the result will be what the Psalmist admitted he said in his haste—"All men are liars"?

They tell us that Watt never sat by the fire, watching the kettle boil. The critics say the steam-engine did not originate in that way. If they are right, does it follow that all the railroad trains in the world will stop, and the rumble of the wheels be heard in the mills no more? They tell us that Newton never lay stretched on the ground in an orchard, watching the fall of an apple. It was twenty-five years of hard mathematical calculation, we are told, that produced the theory of gravitation. Now, I confess, it is difficult for me to give up that story. I have used it a great many times in sermons. Suppose I were to say: "Base unbelievers! you cannot make me abandon that dear, old legend. Why, I am afraid all men would fly off the earth at a tangent, and this old planet would go crashing into the sun, and all the stars would plunge into each other in one grand cataclysm, if that story of Newton should prove to be untrue."

That would be a remarkable attitude. And yet, there are some who fear that, if the Code of Hammurabi is back of Hebrew legislation, the Ten Commandments will lose their power over the lives of men. They fear that, if Babylonian myths mingle with the teaching of the prophets, the human heart will cease to feel a wave of gratitude sweep over it at the words, "Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." They fear that, if some of the Psalms were written late in the life of Israel, no wandering soul will ever again exclaim, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." They fear that, if the church should eventually go over to the opinion of Huxley on the miracle of the Gadarene pigs, the words will cease to echo through the world, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." We might as well fear that some one, with arms so long that he can do it, will some day reach up and drag the sun from its place in the sky, as to fear that the Bible will ever be removed from its place in human life and experience.

To be sure, our theories about the sun have changed mightily, since we abandoned the old Ptolemaic system; and our theories about the Bible have ever been changing, and today they face the greatest change they have made in the history of the Christian Church. When men stood face to face with certain irrefutable facts, and advanced the idea that the earth is not the central point in the universe, they did not know, and they could not know, that henceforth there would be no discoverable center, until knowledge was complete, and the last fact had been found in the great realm of blue. When men confronted the fact that there were weaknesses and errors in the great church of Hildebrand, and dared to criticise it, declaring that it was not infallible, they did not know, and they could not know, that henceforth there would be no final, definite and infallible authority anywhere, until the last lesson of life had been learned, and we know "as we are known." "If we begin to criticise the Bible, where shall we stop?" men are asking. There is but one reply: "We cannot stop; we must go on until God gives us rest."

Therefore, what I seek on the pages of the Bible, is not a clear, rational, analytical statement of religious truth; but a divine influence, a transforming power, a devout and reverent ideal. How do you teach your child? There are great principles, there are glorious hopes, there are voices of faith and responsibility, that you wish to awaken in the young soul. You cannot present these in abstract form, and so you tell a story. I overhear you. It is somewhat weird, and I ask, "Is it a lie?" You turn on me, and answer indignantly, "Certainly not! It is faithful and true to the fundamental facts of human experience and thought, and only a pedant, or a fool, would ask whether it is the account of a historical occurrence?"

Let us apply this to the Bible. We find that its favorite way of teaching is by story and parable. Let us take a contrast, to see how wonderful it is. If we turn to Assyria we find her carving on slabs of stone, and baked clay tablets, the boastful record of her hideous acts of oppression and inhumanity. On the other hand, there is a book in the Bible that tells a story of how God loved Ninevah, the wicked capital of Assyria, and sent a prophet to preach in its streets. Would you believe it, if I were to tell you that this fact has been forgotten, this sublime and inspired message of missionary love from the long ago has been utterly neglected, because men have been discussing the question whether a man can go through the throat of a whale?

What other book has been so abused? It has been treated as a magazine of curious and mystical analogies; as a work on geology, anticipating the labors of Hitchcock and Dana and Agassiz; as a dictionary of moral precepts, all of which were of equal and uniform validity; as a sort of divine puzzle, whose parts could be put together to spell out some theurgic symbol of salvation. Lyric metaphors have been made over into studies in science. Inspiring poems have been treated as prosaic biographies. Parables and visions have been boiled down into accounts of historical occurrences. Figures and allusions to seven horns and seven eyes have been made to refer to events like an eclipse of the sun in Germany, or the election of a president in the United States. The fusion of two metals in the temple has taught the humanity and divinity of Christ. The five stones in David's sling have been made to spell J-E-S-U-S. A scarlet cloth on the walls of Jericho has been a prophecy of the blood of the New Covenant. Coverings of the tabernacle have taught the doctrine of imputed righteousness. Riddles, conundrums, recondite and strained interpretations have been found on all its pages. Like a child's box of letters, it has furnished amusement to renowned scholars, who have tried to see how much they could "spell out" by means of its verses. What other book could have survived the ridicule that is sure to follow such treatment? And yet, it is a conservative estimate that over twelve million copies of it were sold last year. The Oxford Press alone put forth more than twenty thousand copies a week.

It has ever been the Book of books, and never so much as today. Imagine the Waldensians deriving their inspiration from Cicero! Imagine the Puritans

going out to battle chanting strains from Marcus Aurelius! Imagine the Huguenots marching joyously to the stake breathing words from the Theatetus of Plato! Think you, Luther would have been so bold if it had been Aristotle that he put under his head at night? Think you, John Knox would have thundered so courageously if it had been a copy of Seneca that was open before him? Where did Milton get his vision of Paradise? Where did Handel get the inspiration of his "Messiah?" Where did Leonardo get the spirit that he put into his "Last Supper?" What words were most often on the lips of Wilberforce, when, for forty-two years, he cried out for liberty in England? Take the Bible out of our civilization, and what a great gap it would leave.

It has been the slave's book. It has been the poet's book. It has been the child's book, and his words have mingled with the sweetest accents of joy and hope that are lisped by our humanity. It has been the creator of countless Good Samaritans. It has been the hope and guide of the reformer. It has done more, by the words "Father, forgive them," to breathe peace into the jangling and warring forces of human ambition and strife, than all the systems of philosophy the world has ever produced. It lives on the ear like music, whose strains can never be forgoten. It lingers in our lives like the fragrance of flowers in the halls of our homes.

Not until the human heart no longer aches with sorrow; not until the time comes when there remains no more a prodigal to be brought back to the Father's house; not until the time comes when the despairing and desolate call no more for help, until tears cease to flow, until love has no task to perform, until the cup of cold water is no longer needed to refresh the parched wanderer on the highway of life—not until then will the Bible lose its power and beauty, and cease to be enthroned in the heart of our humanity.

Perils of Revivalism

FROM A SERMON BY REV. A. W. WISHART, AT FOUNTAIN STREET BAPTIST CHURCH, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

A revival is an extraordinary religious experience. Being unusual it attracts special attention. A comet receives more press notices than the sun. Yet the sun is essential to our existence. A deacon who robs a bank gets more notoriety than the deacons who do not rob banks.

I do not claim that revivals have not done good or that the day of their usefulness is past. I believe the revival principle has its place. It is a fact, however, that they are losing their grip upon the Christian world. An increasing number of Christian people believe that modern revival methods are not the best methods of promoting Christianity; the good accomplished is more than counteracted by the reactions from excessive emotionalism.

We exaggerate the importance of the revivalistic rescue work. Such work cannot compare with the combined forces of church and state not only in the prevention of vice and crime but in the rescuing of the fallen and in the ministrations to the sick, poor, defectives and delinquents. Millions of dollars are spent by the state and the church in their great work. People do not think as much as they should of these institutions, the product of centuries of civilizing tendencies, the wonderful modern expression of true love to God and man.

It is a fact that down in the tenement house districts of our great cities, where the one-sided revivalistic mission once flourished, we now find the social settlement, the Y. M. C. A., the public gymnasium and the free library, the institutional church, and the public day and night school and the free lecture course. These splendid institutions are battling with vice, poverty and ignorance more effectively than missions ever did or could. They are doing vastly more than preaching a one-sided gospel. They are giving people an opportunity to be healthy. They educate, they stimulate ambition. They open doors of hope. They fight for clean streets, decent homes, pure food. They are modern expressions of the spirit of Christ. What revivalist ever did as much for Chicago as Jane Addams or Graham Taylor? Or what revivalist ever did as much for New York as Jacob Riis in his long and weary battle against the slums? The revivalist may have his place, and I would not deny him the praise due him, but I plead tonight for a more sane and balanced judgment and for a just estimate of those forces of righteousness seldom thought of by many people.

There is another phase of our subject. A type of evangelist seems to be coming to the front quite unlike the older kind. Moody did not claim scholarship, but he valued it highly. He devoted his last few years to building up an educational institution at Northfield, Mass. He invited eminent men to teach there. He loved and honored Henry Drummond, that cultured scholar and university revivalist who believed in the new theology and evolution, those terrible bug-a-boos of the modern revivalists. Yes, the older Moody type, and back of them the Finney, Whitfield, Wesley type, were quite unlike Sunday. They did not indulge in vaudeville stunts and use vulgar language in order to win souls. They were men of fiery zeal and though the earlier ones preached much on eternal torment, they were never vulgar or irreverent.

In some quarters it seems to be thought a handicap to the ministry to be educated. It seems to be believed that only the uncultivated can reach or are reaching the uneducated. A premium seems to be placed on slang or ignorance. Let me remind the wage-earners of Grand Rapids that many of the world's great reformers in politics and in religion were university men. In London, New York, Chicago, Paris and Berlin the heroic friends of the workmen are educated men. They may not all be college bred, though many of them are, but they are scholarly. So it is a profound mistake to think that the true friends of the masses are only the men who ridicule the thinkers, as if it were a credit to a man that be is not broadly educated.

All this leads me to the most serious criticism of some of the popular revivalistic methods that seem to catch the fancy of so many people. Why should a preacher of the gospel of Christ, that most lovable teacher, who never descended to vulgarity and claptrap, why should he use the slang of the bar room and the brothel? Can there be any other reason, if such a man is honest, than that he thinks vulgarism appeals to people more than clean, wholesome, uplifting language? But what kind of people must be reached in that way? What can the answer be? Is it the drunkard, the pugilist, the poor fallen creature? Surely it will not be claimed that the average congregation in our rescue mission is made up of these types. They would resent that. Then it must be supposed that vulgarism, the coarse, ill-bred language of the sport and the tough appeals to the average man, the every-day sort of a fellow, the wage-earner; in a word, the ordinary man.

Now I challenge this belief, which must be the revivalist's idea of what the ordinary man needs, or he would not talk to him in that way. I say I challenge that belief. I may be wrong. But I have had a rather wide experience with wage-earners and I deny that on the whole they are helped by such an unscriptural, coarse and one-sided presentation of the gospel. I am willing to admit that the ordinary man is thoughtless and he may be drawn temporarily by sensationalism, but I deny that the masses are in the end made broad and useful Christians, elevated, uplifted, ennobled by listening to language that would not be permitted in our stores and shops, nay, even in many a theater. It is an insult to the average man, based on a cheap and degrading view of human nature, to argue that he cannot understand and will not respond to an appeal to his conscience free from vulgarity.

But were it otherwise, I should still cling with all my faith to the belief that Mr. Sunday's methods are based upon a lack of respect for the dignity and rights of the soul. He may not look at it in that way. I cordially credit him with sincerity. Yet I maintain that the unprintable stuff given the men of Grand Rapids and the whole tone of the recent meetings tends to irreverence and to cheapen and degrade religion in the eyes of most men.

Think of it for a moment! Would any self-respecting workman, proud of his boy, eager to have him educated and manly, would he desire his boy to talk as Mr. Sunday talked? Would he want such vulgarity indulged in at his table by his children? If not, what have we come to at last? Simply this—that thousands of men, misled and thoughtless, crowd out to hear and to tolerate language from the pulpit which they would shudder to hear their children use. Mr. Sunday is not the only offender. Yet perhaps even with this awful fact staring us in the face, this language may find defenders on the ground that it does good.

Let me say that the emphasis often put upon rescue work to the disparagement of the churches is unjust to the churches. The city missions of the country are largely supported by the churches or by money coming from the church members. The churches do not do all they might, but the side thrusts at the so-called respectability in the churches comes with bad grace from men who take the money and smite the giver. I am told that Mr. Sunday did not speak ill of the churches, but I have heard them ridiculed and in that sly fashion which some revivalists know how to use without being caught making a plain statement. They create the impression that they, not the churches, are really doing Christ's work.

God's kingdom of love is an all-inclusive kingdom. His true followers are numbered among Jews and Gentiles, Catholics and Protestants, rich and poor, learned and unlearned. Let us broaden our outlook! Let us look deeper into life! Let us see how true religion is a bigger thing than a narrow orthodoxy! Let us fight against the real hells of everyday life! Let us make heaven here on earth and in our hearts! God will take care of us in the future. But while we do live here we will have the supreme delight of living in terms of fellowship and sympathy with men and women of every creed. We will enjoy the knowledge that the true friends of man and the true believers in God are all around us.

Oh square thyself for use; a stone that may
Fit in the wall is not left in the way.
—*R. C. French.*

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

Roosevelt and Foraker. The charges that federal patronage has been used to advance the Taft boom and federal office-holders coerced to support him has called forth a spirited reply from the President, in which several alleged cases of this are disproven. Senator Foraker has rejoined by presenting documentary evidence which would seem to be conclusive against the President in at least one instance.

Fiscal Legislation. "Asset currency" and "guaranteed deposits" are likely to be among the slogans of the approaching political campaign. The Aldrich bill, permitting the issue of emergency banknotes secured by the deposit of railroad securities with the government, is now before the Senate, which will probably pass it and leave the House to thresh the matter out in detail. An effective argument advanced against the bill is that by becoming so largely and directly interested in railway securities the government would hardly be in a position to prosecute vigorously a policy of railway regulation which might affect the value of these securities. In a word, Uncle Sam, by becoming a bondholder, would naturally acquire some of the conservatism which is characteristic of bondholders.

Illinois Charities Fight. A vigorous letter from Governor Deneen, defending the charitable institutions against the charge of existing abuses and branding the legislative investigation as simply an attack on his administration, has added fuel to the flames in the legislative investigation of the state institutions. Just now the smoke of combat is so thick that it is impossible for the public to be sure of anything except that some people are very much excited and are getting into that state of raw nerves in which rational deliberation becomes psychologically impossible. It is said that other candidates in opposition to Mr. Deneen have agreed to withdraw in favor of former Governor Richard Yates, a politician of very small caliber.

Morse Indicted. Mr. Charles W. Morse had started for Europe, hoping to get a little respite from his financial troubles, when the storm broke upon him in the form of indictments for grand larceny. He took the next steamer for home and was arrested as he stepped upon the pier in New York.

Chicago's Poverty. The City Council has been endeavoring to compass two quite incompatible objects—the giving of increased salaries to some of Mayor Busse's favorites and the keeping of the city's expenses inside its income. The favorites got their salaries raised, and a good many other things have had to suffer. A tax limit of 5 per cent on an assessed valuation which is one-fifth of the full value of the property explains the poverty of this great city, which made a futile effort to escape by the attempt to pass a new charter last spring. Taxes are higher than ever, and as always bear most heavily on the small householder, especially if he happens to be honest. The Marshall Field estate has offered to settle a claim of $1,700,000 for back taxes for a cash payment of $1,000,000, thus relieving the city of delay and expensive litigation.

New Orleans Indictments. A federal grand jury at New Orleans has embraced a fine opportunity to make the statute against conspiracies in restraint of trade apply in equal measure to both labor and capital. It has indicted seventy-two delegates to a labor union meeting for forbidding members of a certain union to coal a vessel about to sail for Central America. And under the same statute it has indicted fifty-five master plumbers for conspiring against a certain firm which was obnoxious to their organization.

Southern Pacific Rebates. It is announced that the government's next star play will be a blow directly at Mr. Harriman, through a prosecution of the Southern Pacific upon 108 charges of rebating, involving upwards of $30,000 each. It would seem to be a case where an attempt was made

to evade the interstate rebate law by the free use of rebates on commerce within the state. The trial, if pressed, will make still more intense the issue raised by the President in his "predatory wealth message," which is regarded by many as likely to become one of the memorable documents in the history of the republic.

The Conciliatory Taft.

Mr. Taft's present attitude is well indicated by a cartoon representing him as a bowler trying to bring down with one ball two pins standing at opposite corners and marked "Roosevelt Republicans" and "Conservative Republicans." It will be difficult for Mr. Roosevelt to convince the public that his mantle as a fighter is really destined to fall on the large and genial peacemaker whose candidacy he is promoting. Meanwhile Mr. Leslie Shaw is quietly endeavoring to round up the "interests" for some pronouncedly anti-Roosevelt candidate—it matters little which, although I do not observe that Mr. Hughes' name is mentioned any longer in this connection. His New York address could hardly have been pleasing to the corporations which desire a rest.

Millions for Clinton County Boys.

Clinton county, New York, in which the city of Plattsburg is located, should henceforth send out scholars into all the world if money for education will make them. Mr. Loyal Smith, of Plattsburg, has bequeathed $4,000,000 to be expended in the education of the boys and young men of his home county. Families of limited means whose children are likely to inherit an appetite for a college education will do well to consider the exceptional advantages of northern New York as a place of residence.

Seventh Sunday Closing Mistrial.

In spite of the fact that the definite question was answered affirmatively by each juror as to whether he would vote to convict if the defendant was proven to have kept his saloon open on Sunday, the seventh Chicago Sunday closing trial resulted in a disagreement. The trials have cost the county $16,000, and the State Attorney's office is apparently at a loss to find any means of securing convictions.

"Human Interest" in the Courtroom.

The columns of the papers have abounded this week in what is coming to be called "human interest." Three sensational trials, in which the sex motif has been at the front, have thrust their unpleasant details into all our homes. We have seen the culmination of the tragic career of the widow of the gambler McDonald, by her acquittal of the charge of murdering her paramour; and certainly most people will feel that the poor, distracted woman has suffered enough for her misdeeds. We have had the exhibition of an appalling combination of cupidity and moral obtuseness in the family of a minister at Clinton, Ill.—readiness to barter for money, and for such paltry pieces of silver those things ordinarily accounted the most precious in all the world, mother's love, woman's purity, heart's devotion—a situation which, if introduced into a novel, would be pronounced untrue to life and a base libel upon human nature. And finally we have had the uncovering of the life history of a young woman who thought she had found a lucrative business in trading upon the confidence of the gullible through a matrimonial agency. In each of these instances terrible suffering and disgrace have been the outcome of the wrongdoing. W. B. T.

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

Rev. C. A. Osborne, Secretary.

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

A New Theraupeutic Movement

One of the peculiar "signs of the times" is the large number of therapeutic schemes making their appearance, especially in our own country. The latest undertaking of this nature is one that began its history in Boston, now some fifteen months ago, where the movement is still in progress. The special object of this movement seems to be the uniting of religion and science, or, more particularly, the science of psychology, in an attempt to overcome disease. Thus far the enterprise has gone forward with remarkable success; widespread public interest has been excited by it, and large numbers of people are reported to have been healed.

THE ATTRACTIVE POWER OF ALLEGED HEALING.

Moreover, it might be observed that probably one incentive prompting to such an undertaking was the well-known fact that of late years many persons connected with regular orthodox congregations have joined the Christian Scientists, evidently under the supposition that with this last named people better therapeutic advantages could be enjoyed than were possible in their old home churches. Partly to correct this mistake, and for other important reasons, two Episcopal clergymen in Boston, Drs. Elwood Worcester and Samuel McComb, opened the doors of their church house for a weekly service, in which the principles of what may be called a new therapeutics were expounded. Many persons afflicted especially with nervous and mental disorders were treated, a large proportion of whom seems to have been really cured.

Such are a few of the facts connected with the movement in Boston; and as to its spreading elsewhere, it might be said that thus far similar work has been inaugurated in Chicago, Buffalo, New Haven, and still other places; and the indications would seem to be that it will be taken up much more widely than it is now. Bishop Samuel Fallows, the organizer and up to the present time almost the sole prominent worker in the Chicago movement, believes that by virtue of the intellectual and moral forces contained in it, this enterprise is sure to enlarge itself and spread everywhere throughout the country, entering perhaps all of the churches, and becoming a common factor in the religious and philanthropic work of all Christian denominations.

What are some of the peculiar characteristics of this movement? Or how is it to be differentiated from other movements more or less similar in nature?

THE CONTRAST WITH DOWIEISM AND CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

First, this new undertaking differs from Dowieism and Christian Science in a variety of ways. For instance, it does not make a practice of charging money for its work, but all of its services are rendered free of cost to patients. "We neither ask nor accept reward," is the public statement made by the two leaders of the movement in Boston, whom we have already named. Such a financial outlook may not appear inviting to the many adventurers following in the wake of Alexander Dowie and Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, whose proclivities for money-getting out of the credulities and needs of humanity are only too well known; still this feature of the work is certainly commendable, if for no other reason, then because it seems really to savor of practical Christianity.

But another distinction between the working of this new movement and that of some other therapeutic schemes, particularly of Dowieism and Eddyism, is that it entertains the highest respect for physicians and medicine. The foolish classification of "doctors and drugs" along with "devils," which Alexander Dowie used to delight in making, and which is practically the view taken still by Christian Scientists, finds no place whatever in either the theory or practice of this new movement. On the contrary, this method of healing cherishes the highest respect both for medicine and surgery, and also for doctors, and employs all of these agencies, when needed, for accomplishing its work. Indeed, Bishop Fallows goes so far in his lofty estimation of the medical profession that he considers it to be even a kind of divine calling, like that of the gospel ministry; and, being a clergyman himself, he is willing to take any reputable physician or surgeon by the hand and welcome him to the brotherhood of divinely appointed labors in the great field of humanitarian effort.

APPLIED PSYCHOLOGY.

Still another characteristic difference between this newer method of treating disease and most, if not all, of the older methods, is that it employs a wholly new science for accomplishing its purpose—that is, the science of applied psychology. Everybody knows that one human mind is capable of exercising a powerful influence over another mind; also that, as the body has power over the mind, so also does the mind exercise no little influence over the body. Hence it needs only a scientific acquaintance with the laws controlling the action of mind in its relation to the body, or, more particularly, with the therapeutic agency of these laws, in order to be able to formulate what may be called a real science of applied psychology. This is the kind of psychology which is used in all efforts at healing disease by the newer method. To be sure, this new science is as yet in its veriest infancy; still it is believed to have made sufficient progress, both in its discovery of mental facts and mental laws, to be accepted as a real working scheme for curative purposes.

Lastly, a very important distinction between most of the older or usual methods of healing people of their diseases and the therapeutics under consideration, is that this more recent method puts emphasis upon the great and important Christian doctrine of prayer. * * * —*David Heagle, in the Baptist Standard.*

Princess Alice's Way

What makes me like to do them? Well, I'll tell you.
I have a secret which you do not know,
Although we've talked together all the summer
Until this one last day before you go.

I used to play that I was Princess Alice,
And not a country girl named Hannah Jane;
I fancied that I lived in stately Windsor,
Where lords and ladies followed in my train.

I played I had a dress of rosebud satin,
And one of lacy white with knots of blue,
And toys and story books—if you could see them!—
Why, even now I half believe it's true.

But always, in my finest dreams of splendor,
A sudden call would spoil my happy fate;
"Oh, Hannah Jane, come in and wash the dishes!
Oh, hurry, Hannah Jane, it's getting late!"

I didn't like it? No, I guess I didn't.
I do not *love* it yet, to tell you true;
But I have found that I enjoy it better
When they are calling to pretend I do.

And so I make believe there's nothing nicer
Than washing dishes on a summer day;
For, if the Princess Alice chose to wash them,
Of course she'd do it in a royal way.

I never tell the others what I'm thinking.
Sometimes I fancy how surprised they'd be
To know a princess helps them in the kitchen.
The princess knows it, that's enough for me.

—*Emma Endicott Marean.*

THE STUDY TABLE

Book Notes

From the Macmillan Company, of New York, I have the second edition of Mr. Harwood's New Creations in Plant Life. This edition is greatly revised and enlarged and is, what the first edition was not, a reliable book. The first edition was rather gushy; this edition is more carefully written and is of very great value, not only to the general public, to inform them of the revolution in horticulture, but it gives a much better view of Mr. Burbank's work. The chapter on Breeding for Perfume shows how the ill smelling dahlia can be made as sweet as a rose. It is of very little use to review the book farther than to advise everybody to get it. It is a thousand times better than the Arabian Nights for marvels and witchcraft. Fruit growing and fruit making is the one great wonder of the world. Thousands of people are now engaged in creating, and some of them preceded Burbank; but Burbank has done the greatest variety of work and done it in the most scientific manner. We easily elect him Prince of Plant Makers.

From Geo. W. Jacobs & Co., of Philadelphia, I have received a superb volume entitled Sunshine and Sport in Florida and the West Indies, by F. G. Aflalo. Notwithstanding the sporting tendency of this book it is a capital affair. Both the text and the illustrations give an excellent picture of our semitropical countries. It is a good deal better sometimes to hit some of our American problems through the eyes of a foreigner. The author's impressions of our Panama canal and the negro question are worth hearing. However, do not look in this book for anything philosophical; it is a sportsman's book, but not of one who carries a gun over his shoulder to shoot everything in sight. He confines his fun mostly to fishing. He is just enough scientific to add to the book a value with those who are not sportsmen. The illustrations are admirable. Florida is a wonderful country, and is destined to be the winter home of tens of thousands who wish to escape zero. This author has never discovered the hilly section which runs up and down, like a spine, through the land—the backbone of Florida, fifty miles wide, and full of lakes. It is a section free of malaria and free of mosquitos. The writer of these notes will soon be there and will bathe in his own lake on Christmas day. All hail a country that will let you hold one end of your farm in New York or Illinois and the other in Florida or Louisiana—apples here and oranges there.

E. P. POWELL.

UNITY'S THIRTIETH REGIMENT

Pledges for Thirty Dollar Subscriptions to the Unity Endowment Fund.

(*Continued from last week.*)

Florence Hayden, Eau Claire, Wis. (Paid.)
Edwin Ludlow, Monroe, Wis. (Paid.)
Judge Frank C. Brooks, Minneapolis, Minn. (Paid.)
Received from six others, in smaller sums, $42.50.

From Haverhill, Mass.—I wish I could be one of the "thousand" to send a check of $30 to UNITY, but I feel myself unable to do at this time, when so many claims are pressing. I should be very sorry to see the valuable paper discontinued, which has always stood for what is noblest and best in religion and life. I have taken it, I think, from its first publication and highly appreciate it, although I do not always find time to read it thoroughly, but I generally take time to look into it with sympathy and wish for it the large circulation which its high character and claim deserve.

I send a check for $—— to help along, and earnestly hope the money will be forthcoming for its continuance.

From a Unitarian Pastor in Ohio.—Nothing but a profound interest in UNITY and its perpetuation as a monument to your thirty-year devotion could extract $6 from me for the endowment fund. I am sending you my check for $6, too little, I know, but all I have a right to do now. I have tried to make it more. I send it with eager hopes for the realization of your plans for UNITY. With all good wishes for your complete success in your multifarious interests for human welfare, and with sincere appreciation of your service to me in UNITY, I am,

From a Western Kansas Ranch.—When the appeal for UNITY'S combined life came to me I promised to send you $1 by the first of March. Today I send you my mite, but if love of UNITY and all it stands for can help it will help. I ache to be one of the "Thirtieth Regiment." It would be such a joy if I might be a real help, but I simply cannot. My daughter is in college—my son in high school—with board and all other expenses to pay for each one; this, with the work and charities nearer home that we must help, uses our income up. Some day I hope it will be possible for us to follow our heart's desire in regard to the work, but that time is not now, so take the little I can give, with a great love and a great hope that it may help a little, and that UNITY and its Senior Editor may live and live.

From La Fox, Ill.—You can depend on my subscription to UNITY as long as I live. I read it with a great deal of satisfaction, then send it to Los Angeles, Cal. I have two nieces there who appreciate the worth of it and I presume others of their friends will read it. I am now seventy-eight years old, have read UNITY since it was first published, and shall continue as long as life lasts and I can read.

From a Congregational Pastor in Wisconsin.—If I cannot do anything else for UNITY I can pay up my belated subscription. I seem to be able to do very little beyond just sticking to business here. I must leave the larger labors to larger and stronger men. But I am all the more mindful of the heroism and intellectual alertness and resourcefulness which characterize your wider endeavors in all good things. * * * With all good wishes,

The Joy of Life

It wakes in the throat of the woodland bird
In the rose-flushed hush of the morn;
It gleams in the gold of the billowing wheat
And the tasseled pride of the corn;
It follows the feet of beauty and love,
It stirs in the strength of the strong,
And its light leaps up on the trampling field
Where bravery battles with wrong;
It sings through each deed that is nobly done,—
But sweetest, most undefiled,
It shines to the world in the world-old way
From the face of each little child.

—*Priscilla Leonard.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

RAILROADS AND THE PUBLIC; A SWISS VIEW.—Just now when the effective regulation of railroads is such a burning question the following reflections from Switzerland, where most of the railroads, as well as many other public utilities and services are under state, cantonal or municipal control, as the case may be, are of very timely interest.

In a signed article for the *Signal*, Mr. Auguste de Morsier, one of the ever alert and ready publicists connected with that progressive little journal, writes in part as follows concerning the control of public services:

"We live in a time when the consumer, or in other words, the buyer, begins to be conscious both of his rights and his power. Unfortunately the great collective organizations are still so bureaucratic that the public has little say in defense of its rights where they are concerned.

"The collective nature of the great public services asserts itself but slowly. In Switzerland, after the postal service, the telegraph, the telephone and the railroads, water-power is in part getting away from purely individual initiative."

Expressing his belief that the coal industry is the next one in need of socialization, and enunciating some familiar views and principles in that connection, Mr. de Morsier goes on to say:

"Municipal exploitation does not seem in all cases the best method from an economic point of view. That depends on circumstances and these differ widely, but the general tendency of modern society to organize certain public services and the development of certain forms of wealth, on the basis of cellective exploitation by the community or the state, is a useful tendency by no means to be systematically opposed, but regulated and brought more and more under the control of the consumer.

"It is this latter point which has been too generally overlooked and to which the collectivist-socialist systems fail to give adequate attention. Without such control the great state services, like the great companies, form irresponsible bodies against which the often well-founded demands of the public break in vain.

"See what happened in the case of the Railway Company of Western France. For years this company, subsidized and protected by the state, has given its patrons constant cause for dissatisfaction —when it did not kill them outright. Complaints rained upon it. All in vain. Late trains, cars shamefully dirty and uncomfortable and too few in number, defective engines, accidents; all these were habitual and without redress. The much enduring passengers, particularly those from the suburbs of Paris, finally realized that they were powerless without organization, and formed a League of Western Company Passengers, with Mr. Boivinet as president. Thanks to this league, some slight improvement was made in the service.

"But the public continued to be so ill-used that open revolt broke out on January 3, 1908. About 8 o'clock that morning, passengers arriving at the station by the local trains, and coming from unwarmed cars, with the temperature 12 degrees below zero, attacked the railroad offices. They numbered 3,000 exasperated individuals. Some, mounted on benches, harangued the crowd, demanding heated cars, engines in good running order, and arrival of trains on schedule time. Then this crowd moved on the company's claims bureau, smashing benches, barriers and every other obstacle that stood in its way.

"It will not do, of course, to have the public in such cases obliged to secure fair treatment by violence. There ought to be some regular method other than the mere filing of a written complaint or demand, which can be conveniently pigeon-holed, to bring to a real and satisfactory solution the legitimate wishes of the public. Where the administration opposes inertia to just demands, the consumers, travelers or others, must unite and take action. It would be well that the laws should provide, in case of state organizations, for a certain control by the public for whom these organizations are instituted. The same reflections in regard to railways and the like are applicable to Switzerland. What can the public do here in face of the administration? Nothing.

"The Swiss railways for the Swiss people is still only a phrase. Non-smokers—women and children particularly—are crowded into small, narrow compartments, where there are never seats

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They are sermons to inspire pure living and high thinking, and Christian teachers, even Baptists "in their little shell," will find in them many admirable thoughts and illustrations for the encouragement of youth.—*The Watchman* (Boston, Mass.).

It is clean, wholesome, rugged. It comes from a soul in full communion with Ruskin, Emerson, Browning and other like world spirits. [But] the religion of the cross still contains a subtle and universal power far beyond that of any gospel with the divine Christ omitted.—*Christian Century* (Chicago).

His gospel is hearty, wholesome and practical; his spirit is catholic, humane and inspiring. The temper of the book, like the temper of the man, is bravely optimistic, with hardly a touch of pensiveness.—*The Record-Herald* (Chicago).

All along the line of inspiring in children admiration of large and high ideals, this volume of talks so sane, so sensible, and so stimulating—and that in a by no means easy field—is conspicuously successful.—*The Christian Register* (Boston, Mass.).

My husband spends all his leisure time in reading it to me.—*From a bride who received it as a wedding gift.*

I never knew how beautiful the sermons were until I read them in the book. I can think of nothing finer for a graduation gift.—*From a member of one of the Confirmation Classes.*

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enough, while the smokers have plenty of room at disposal. Third-class cars are not put on the fast and most convenient trains, as if for people of small means "time is money" were not terribly true. In the height of the season, when one cannot get a seat on the over-crowded trains, one must pay extra for a different class or stand up in the aisles.

"What can the public do to reform this state of things? Nothing. Where is the machinery by which it may make its demands effective? None exists.

"And yet our railway administration is certainly one of the best in the world, one of the most enlightened and progressive.

"An administrative tribunal in Switzerland will indeed be a step forward in this direction, but it is not sufficient. There ought to be, in connection with such administrative bodies, a committee of consultation representing consumers, or the public, which should have its say, and be able officially, otherwise than through the press or the cantonal governments, to make its wishes and its rights effective. We may come to this in time perhaps. At any rate, the proposed administrative tribunal is a good thing and ought to be able to make the demands of the public known to the state companies or to official bodies engaged in public service, pending the creation of the committees of consultation mentioned above. Until then, pure state collectivism will continue to be often an error and constraint."

Here in America we are awakening to a sense of the legitimate claims and the rights of the public in some directions. A good deal has already been said of the overlooked rights of the great "third-party" in such matters as the coal-miners' strike and other similar outbreaks interfering with the general comfort and convenience, but Mr. de Morsier has pushed the principle a little further perhaps than it has yet occurred to us to go. M. E. H.

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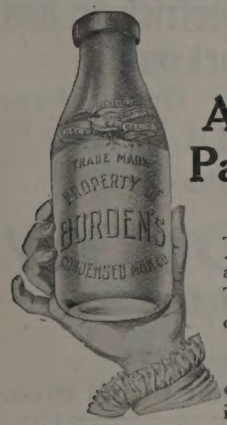

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